Buffalo Tom "Latest Monkey"

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The newest clown Cries an old type of tears Watch them fall

There they lie Crispy, ancient and they leak Formaldehyde

Going Going, I'm gone Go away Going

His tears they sit Crusty, rusted in a box Inside a drawer

Grandpa's news Fragile words are yellowed through Forever more

Going Going, I'm gone Go away Going

Sadder than sad She's feeling bad Monkey's the one who laughs last

Hold me down Cut me loose when nighttime falls And lifts away

I'm a ball Bouncing off of a brick wall Into the day

I'm going Going, I'm gone Go away Going, I'm gone Gone I am gone, I am gone Go away Going

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